THE

ASSEMBLED [illegible]OTS;

Meeting of the Parliament.

(Price Six-pence.)

THE ASSEMBLED PATRIOTS; OR, THE MEETING OF THE PARLIAMENT.

A POEM, Dedicated to His MAJESTY.

Learn then from HIM, *whose Virtues grace* HIS THRONE,
You are not born to serve yourselves alone,
And for BRITANNIA'S *Int'reſt, ſcorn your Own.* PROL. TH.

LONDON:

Printed for T. DORMER at the STAR and GARTER, over againſt the CASTLE TAVERN in FLEETSTREET. 1732.

THE ASSEMBLED PATRIOTS;

OR, THE

MEETING

OF THE

PARLIAMENT.

BRITISH MUSEUM

POEM, Dedicated to HIS MAJESTY.

Ye Sons of Freedom, Liberty's brave Heroes,
Join Hearts and Hands to serve your Country's Cause,
And for Preservation's Sake, defend your Queen. Prol. To.

LONDON:

Printed for T. DORMER at the STAR and GARTER, over against the Gaelic Tavern in Fleet-street. 1732.

To His Most Gracious Majesty

GEORGE II.

KING of *Great-Britain, France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c.

May it please Your MAJESTY,

IF YOUR MAJESTY WOULD CONDESCEND TO PATRONIZE THIS POEM (HOWEVER UNWORTHY) IT WOU'D ABATE THE PRESUMPTION OF THE AUTHOR, AND ADD TO THE INIMITABLE VIRTUES AND BOUNDLESS GENEROSITY THAT ADORNS YOUR ROYAL MIND, AND MAKES YOU SHINE CONSPICUOUS THROUGH THE WHOLE WORLD. PEACE, WEALTH, AND LIBERTY, ARE THE BLESSINGS YOU BESTOW WITH A BOUNTEOUS HAND ON MANKIND; WHICH RENDERS YOU NOT ONLY THE ADMIRATION OF YOUR OWN SUBJECTS, BUT A BRIGHT AND LAUDABLE EXAMPLE TO FOREIGN PRINCES.

THAT

DEDICATION.

THAT YOUR MAJESTY MAY ALWAYS CONTINUE SUCH, IN THE ENJOYMENT OF A LONG AND HAPPY REIGN, GREAT IN THE ESTIMATION OF YOUR COUNTRY, EVER PRESIDING OVER, AND SUPPRESSING THE BASE CALUMNIES OF ILL-DESIGNING MEN (WHOSE MALICIOUS WORKS MEET WITH THAT DISDAIN THEY JUSTLY MERIT) IS THE SINCERE AND HEARTY WISH OF,

Your MAJESTY's

Most Obedient, and

Most Dutiful Subject,

THE ASSEMBLED PATRIOTS; OR, THE Meeting of the PARLIAMENT.

A POEM.

GAIN *Great-Britain's* Sons auspicious meet,
Their Royal Sire with filial Thanks to greet:
Again, the Year revolv'd, th' advancing Spring,
Salutes with Peace *Britannia's* glorious KING.
Expecting Multitudes impatient wait,
To bless the AUTHOR of their happy State:

Fathers,

Fathers, Mothers, Sons, with dauntleſs Force,
Preſs thro' the Tumult, and unite their Courſe;
Each ſtriving to be firſt, with wiſhing Eyes,
At length approaching MAJESTY eſpies,
Whilſt thund'ring Cannons echo to the Skies.
Crouds heap on Crouds, with Shouts of juſt Applauſe,
All hail Great GEORGE! Defender of our Laws;
May'ſt thou Supream, for ever be renown'd,
Thy Brows with *Olive*, thy Head with *Laurel* crown'd:
May ableſt Pens perpetuate thy Fame,
Beyond the *Græcian*, or the *Roman* Name.
No more we'll Copy from their diſtant Throne,
A Greater *Hero* now aſſumes our Own.
For ever may he *Reign*, for ever Here
Govern his Subjects with paternal Care,
His Hand revenge our Wrongs, his Sword diſpel our Fear.

NOW

Now circling Numbers throng in eager Pace,
Breathleſs with Joy; whiſper, *Long live thy Race:*
Long live the Off-ſpring of the ſacred Sire,
Whoſe boundleſs Virtues, loyal *Britons* fire
With God-like Love: Each does propitious ſmile
To view the *Father* of the *Britiſh* Iſle.
The worthy Nobles, and the Commons met,
All praiſe AUGUSTUS, high above them ſet;
Triumphant Peace he gives; for *Britain*'s Good,
He ſtakes his Honour, Int'reſt, and his Blood:
Diſpenſing Bleſſings with a lib'ral Hand,
His Peoples *Pride*, and *Father* of his Land;
Nor envies Merit equal to his Own,
Pleas'd with the ſacred *Virtues* of his Son.
While worthy *Patriots*, Patrons of Mankind,
Support the Royal Dictates of his Mind:

No longer we purſue with mighty Pains
The Search of ancient *Græce*'s dark Remains;
Th' admiring World no longer copies *Rome*,
Since greater Worthies grace the *Britiſh* Dome:
Whoſe wiſer Counſels well protect the Realm,
And WALPOLE's ſteady Hand guides ſure the Helm:
WALPOLE! whoſe deathleſs Fame can ne'er decay,
Never by Time, nor Fate be worn away:
WALPOLE! who doubly bleſt by GEORGE and *Jove*,
Conducts with Valour, and his Country's Love;
Envy, *Faction*, *Strife*, awed by his Voice,
All diſappear, and ceaſe their jarring Noiſe:
To Him the Senate bows with yielding Minds,
As tender Plants before the conqu'ring Winds;
Void of Deceit or Hypocritick Art,
He ſpeaks the Dictates of an honeſt Heart;

Hence

Hence He prevails: His lofty Counſel leads,
Peace enters firſt, and Wealth immenſe ſucceeds.
Hence, hoſtile *Britons* all rejoice to hear,
Great *Walpole*'s Name to ev'ry *Briton* dear.
What *Kings* cou'd not command, Thou didſt perſuade,
And ſoon diſcuſs'd *Bellona*'s Bloody Trade.

No Fear, nor Horror, now inveſt the State,
Nor mad Sedition ſtrike at *Monarch*'s Fate:
No more the *Brave* of needy Wants complain,
No more the Soldier ſues for Bread in vain;
Nor lazy Stateſmen riot in Exceſs,
Or factious Prieſts the *Hero*'s Right poſſeſs:
No juſt Complaints of ſlow unactive Courts,
Who damn their Country for luxurious Sports:
Contending *Monarchs* now no more command
Oppreſſive Taxes from the murm'ring Land;

Now ſuppliant *Spain* her Hatred ſhall give o'er,
Her dark opprobrious Councils ſway no more.
When *George*'s Fleets appear, all Nations yield,
They ſweep the Vanguiſh'd o'er the Victor's Field;
Whence mutt'ring Drums, and murd'ring Cannons ceaſe,
And the calm World is lull'd in ſoothing Peace.
Thus *Walpole*, may thy Glories ever laſt,
Cæſar in Thee, and Thou in him be bleſt;
AUGUSTUS' Darling, may'ſt thou ſtill remain
The happy Favourite of *Gods* and Men.
To Thee, true Merit never ſues in vain;
Of Thee the Worthleſs only can complain;
Baſe dunghill Minds, that gilds a black Deſign,
To make the ſubtle Villany divine.
The ſenſeleſs *Mob*, amus'd with ſpecious Lyes,
Join Hands; aiding the Miſchief in Diſguiſe;

But when oppos'd by Thee, the *Monſter* ſhews
His native Pride; his Breaſt with Anger glows;
Big Words, like Thunder, ſtrike the Adverſe Ear,
That ſwell with Wind, and vaniſhes to Air:
For Rudeneſs, Choler, and Ill-nature ſhun'd,
Proud Boaſting, void of Senſe, and full of Sound;
Haughty of Temper, with Ambition ſtain'd,
Diſdaining others, and by all diſdain'd:
The **Craft** defeated, only ſerves to ſpread,
Still greater Glories o'er THY riſing Head:
While wond'ring Nations view THEE from a-far,
And all acknowledge CAESAR's BETTER STAR.
Nor need I fear too high t' exalt thy Name,
Nought can eclipſe immortal GEORGE's Fame;
His Praiſe ſhall live beyond the Scope of Time,
Reviv'd by *Angels* ſung in *Heav'nly* Rhime.

THUS

Thus when we ſee a Star appear at Noon,
Bright, ſparkling, near the Circle of the Sun,
On it we gaze with Wonder and Delight,
But ſtill confeſs the *Sun*'s ſuperior Light.
So when we view Illuſtrious *Walpole*'s Mind,
Wonder and Amazement ſeize Mankind,
Yet GEORGE the bright Original we find.
Auguſtus' Sway the World's Extremes ſhines through
Supream: To Him Imperial Nations bow:
His boundleſs Thought, the nobleſt Projects yield,
Awful in Arms, in Councils deeply skill'd:
In Him the *Scipio*'s and their high Deſerts
Unite: The *Fabii* fam'd for peaceful Arts,
By him excell'd; requires a nobler *Theme*
To ſpeak his Virtues and Immortal Fame.
His Pow'r alone reſembles the Divine,
Few *Monarchs* elſe with half his Luſtre ſhine.

Ye

Ye Pow'rs *Cæleſtial!* Grant Him long to REIGN!
Of Years a happy, and a num'rous Train!
And when His Life's worn out with Age's Loads,
His *Soul* ſurmounts among the ſmiling *Gods!*
Grant that your *Heav'nly Choir* His Requiem ſing,
And ev'ry ROYAL *Heir* prove ſuch a KING!

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